

(1)
THE
MOURNING
BRIDE.

A
TRAGEDY.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

----- *Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.*
Ovid. de Arte Am.



Printed for T. JOHNSON,
in the Year 1711.

THE
MOURNING
BRIDE



Printed for T. JOHNSON
in the Year 1794



T O
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
T H E
P R I N C E S S .

M A D A M ,

That high Station , which by Your Birth You hold above the People , exacts from every one , as a Duty , whatever Honours they are capable of paying to Your Royal Highness: But that more exalted Place , to which Your Virtues have rais'd You , above the rest of Princes , makes the Tribute of our admiration and Praise , rather a Choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Public Gratitude is ever founded on a Publick Benefit; and what is universally Bless'd , is always an universal Blessing.

A 2

sing.

4 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

sing. Thus from Your self we derive the Offerings which we bring; and that Incense which arises to Your Name only returns to its Original, and but naturally requires the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a Moral, whose End is to commend and to encourage Virtue, of consequence has recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage; aspiring to cast it self beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, 'till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes that Virtue becomes a Fashion in the People; for even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes it self from the Vulgar Poetry by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that distance from Original Greatness as to be depriv'd of the Happiness of Contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of your Royal Highness's Person in Your Court, may yet behold some small Sketches and Imagings of the Virtues of Your Mind, abstracted, and represented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct;
not

The Epistle Dedicatory. 5

not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction, when not only Virtue is prescrib'd, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feign'd Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions, how must we be charm'd with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excellent Qualities, barely touch'd in the single Action and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor; with what Zeal must the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living instances of Elevated and persisting Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though repining, feel a pleasure, which in spite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any one of those many Excellencies which You so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of

6 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

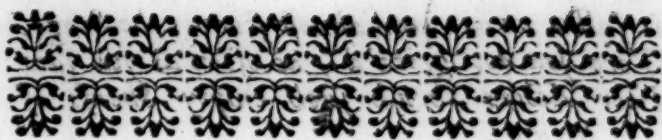
the Author, yet if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (in spight of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratifie the Ambition, and recompence the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

Most humbly Devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

THE Time has been when Plays were
not so plenty,
And a less Number new would well content ye.

New plays did then like Almanacs appear;
And One was thought sufficient for a Year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reason join'd together;

For just as one prognosticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or scarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs
of Rain;

So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Floods
of Fools.

In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe
fulfill'd:

The Dearth of Wit they did so long presage,

PROLOGUE.

*Is fall'n on us , and almost starves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd , as often as you saw
Poor Actors thrash such empty Sheafs of
Straw?*

*Toiling and lab'ring , at their Lungs Ex-
pence ,*

To start a Jest , or force a little Sense.

*Hard Fate for us ! still harder in th'e-
vent ;*

Our Authors Sin , but we alone Repent.

*Still they proceed , and at our Charge ,
write worse ;*

*'Twere some Amends if they could reim-
burse :*

*But there's the Devil , tho' their Cause is
lost ,*

'There's no recovering Damages or Cost.

*Good Wits , forgive this Liberty we take ,
Since Custom gives the Losers leave to speak.
But if provok'd , your dreadful Wrath re-
mains ,*

*Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes :
For that damn'd Poet's spar'd who damns a
Brother ,*

As one Thief'scapes that executes another.

Thus far alone does to the Wits relate ;

But from the rest we hope a better Fate.

*To please and move has been our Poets
Theme ;*

Art may direct , but Nature is his Aim.

*And Nature miss'd , in vain he boasts his
Art ,*

For

PROLOGUE.

9

*For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour
too.*

*He won'd not lose thro' Prejudice his Cause;
Nor won'd obtain precariously Applause.
Impartial Censure he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just Decrees to stand or fall.*



A 5

DRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

M *Annel*, the King of } *Mr. Verbruggen.*
Granada.
Gonsalez, his Favourite. *Mr. Sanford.*
Garcia, Son to *Gonsalez*. *Mr. Scudamour.*
Perez, Captain of the } *Mr. Freeman.*
Guards.
Alonzo, an Officer, Cre- } *Mr. Arnold.*
ature to Gonsalez.
Osmyn, a Noble Prisoner. *Mr. Betterton.*
Heli, a Prisoner, his } *Mr. Bowman.*
Friend.
Selim, an Eunuch, *Mr. Baily.*

WOMEN.

Almeria, the Princess of } *Mrs. Bracegirdle.*
Granada.
Zara, a Captive Queen. *Mrs. Barry.*
Leonora, chief Attendant } *Mrs. Bowman.*
on the Princess.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending
Zara. Guards, &c.

The SCENE GRANADA.

THE



T H E
MOURNING
B R I D E.

A C T. I.

SCENE I. *A Room of State.*

*The Curtain rising slowly to soft Musick,
discovers Almeria in Mourning, Leo-
nora waiting in Mourning.*

*After the Musick ALMERIA rises from her Chair,
and comes forward.*

A L M E R I A.

MUSICK has Charms to sooth a savage
Breast,
To soften Rocks, or benda knotted Oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
By Magick Numbers and persuasive Sound.

What

12 The MOURNING BRIDE.

What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than Trees, or Flint? O force of constant Woe!
'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Griefs.

Anselmo sleeps, and is at Peace; last Night
The silent Tomb receiv'd the good old King:
He and his Sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable Bosom.
Why am not I at Peace?

Leo. Dear Madam, cease,
Or moderate your Griefs; there is no Cause —

Alm. No Cause! Peace, Peace, there is Eter-
nal Cause,

And Misery Eternal will succeed.

Thou canst not tell — thou hast indeed no Cause.

Leo. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anselmo*,
And always did compassionate his Fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your Father kept in Chains his Fellow-King:
And oft at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stoln from Bed, and to his Prison crept;
Where, while his Goaler slept, I thro' the Grate
Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliv'rance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I cou'd offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle Nature,
That thus cou'dst melt to see a Strangers Wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
How wou'd thy Heart have bled to see his Suf-
frings.

Thou hadst no Cause, but general Compassion.

Leo. Love of my Royal Mistress gave me Cause,
My Love of you begot my Grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War
Had bless'd *Anselmos* Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you,
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Success; that then, in spite of Hate,

Re-

The MOURNING BRIDE. 13

Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Between *Valentias* and *Granadas* Kings,
He did endear himself to your Affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent Ways
His most industrious Goodness cou'd invent;
Proposing by a Match between *Alphonso*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you;
To end the long Dissension, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

Alm. *Alphonso!* O *Alphonso!*

Thou too art quiet — long hast been at Peace —
Both, both — Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have Rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus — Is it of Force?
Is there Necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the Peace of Heav'n
That I shou'd be afflicted thus? — If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
By some unseen Hand, so as of sure consequence
They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,
The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair?

Leo. Alas, you search too far, and think too
deeply.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to *Anselmos* Court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?

Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For so my Father wou'd have us'd his Child.

O *Alphonso*, *Alphonso!*

Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my Sight,
No time shall raise thee from my Memory,
No, I will live to be thy Monument;
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb;
But in my Heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear Resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, tho'
lost.

Leo.

14 The MOURNING BRIDE!

Leo. Husband! O Heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! What have I said?

My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought,
I wou'd have kept that secret; though I know
Thy Love and Faith to me deserve all Confi-
dence;

But 'tis the Wretches Comfort still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and
mourn,
And Glutton-like alone devour.

Leo. Indeed

I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'st not half,
Know'st nothing of my Sorrows — if thou
didst —

If I shou'd tell thee, wou'dst thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wou'dst, thou art com-
passionate.

Leo. Witness these Tears —

Alm. I thank thee — *Leonora*,
Indeed I do, for pitying thy sad Mistress:
For 'tis, alas, the poor Prerogative
Of Greatness, to be wretched and unpitied —
But I did promise I wou'd tell thee — What?
My Miseries? Thou dost already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didst nothing know,
It was because thou didst not know *Alphonso*:
For to have known my Loss, thou must have
known

His Worth, his Truth, and tenderness of Love.

Leo. The Memory of that brave Prince stands
fair

In all Report —

And I have heard imperfectly his Loss;
But fearful to renew your Troubles past,

The MOURNING BRIDE. 15

I never did presume to ask the Story.

Alm. If for my swelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.

I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia* ,
Ev'n on the Day when *Manuel* , my Father ,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anselmos* Palace; which in Rage,
And heat of War , and dire Revenge , he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the Flames,
Started amidst his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal Refuge — Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amidst those Flames — but 'twas not so decreed.

Alphonso , who foresaw my Fathers Cruelty ,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to sail : and when this News was brought
We put to Sea ; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our Flight , we closely were pursu'd ,

And almost taken ; when a sudden Storm
Drove us , and those that follow'd , on the Coast
Of *Africk* : There our Vessel struck the Shoar ,
And bulging 'gainst a Rock was dash'd in pieces.
But Heav'n spared me for yet much more Affliction !

Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The Shoal , and save me floating on the Waves ;
While the good Queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

Leo. Alas ! were you then wedded to *Alphonso* ?

Alm. That Day , that fatal Day , our Hands
were join'd ;

For when my Lord beheld the Ship pursuing ,
And saw her Rate so far exceeding ours,
He came to me , and begg'd me by my Love ,
I wou'd consent the Priest shou'd make us one ;
That whether Death , or Victory ensu'd ,
I might be his , beyond the Power of future
Fate :
The

16 The MOURNING BRIDE.

The Queen too did assist his Suit — I granted;
And in one Day, was wedded, and a Widow.

Leo. Indeed 'twas mournful —

Alm. 'Twas — as I have told thee —
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swollen and watry Eyes;
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life, and thought of my *Alphonso*.

Leo. Look down, good Heav'n, with Pity
on her Sorrows,
And grant, that Time may bring her some Relief.

Alm. O no! Time gives encrease to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes;
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come, heavy-laden with th' oppressing Weight,
To me; with me, successively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless
Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard
their Flight;
They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
The dire collected Dews on my poor Head;
Then fly with Joy and Swiftneſs from me.

Leo. Hark!

The distant Shouts proclaim your Fathers Triumph;
[*Shouts at a distance.*]
O cease, for Heavens ſake, aſſuage a little
This Torrent of your Grief; for, much I fear
'Twill urge his Wrath, to ſee you drown'd in
Tears,

When Joy appears in every other Face.

Alm. And Joy he brings to every other Heart,
But double, double weight of Woe to mine;
For

The MOURNING BRIDE. 17

For with him *Garcia* comes — *Garcia*, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the Vows
I gave my dear *Alphonso* basely broken.
No, it shall never be; for I will die;
First die ten thousand Deaths — Look down,
look down, [Kneels.

Alphonso, hear the Sacred Vow I make;
One Moment, cease to gaze on perfect Bliss,
And bend thy glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou *Anselmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impediments of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonso*
reigns,

Behold thou also, and attend my Vow.
If ever I do yield, or give Consent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then just Heav'n show'r
down

Unheard of Curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heavens Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd — And now
[Rising.

My Heart has some Relief; having so well
Discharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leo. My Heart, my Life and Will, are only
yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon,
when all

Are wrap'd and busied in the general Joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good *Anselmo's* Tomb.

Leo. Alas! I fear some fatal Resolution.

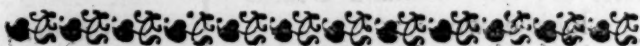
Alm. No, on my Life, my Faith, I mean
no Ill,

Nor Violence. — I feel my self more light,
And more at large, since I have made this Vow.

18 *The* MOURNING BRIDE

Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy Thought;
Upon my Word no more.

Leo. I will attend you.



S C E N E I I.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALONZO.

ALONZO.

THE Lord *Gonsalez* comes to tell your Highness.

The King is just arriv'd.

Alm. Conduct him in.

[*Exit Alon.*]

That's his Pretence, his Errand is, I know,
To fill my Ears with *Garcias* valiant Deeds;
And gild and magnifie his Sons Exploits.
But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence.



S C E N E I I I.

GONSALEZ, ALMERIA, LEONORA.

GONSALEZ.

BE every Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conquest, and your brighter Eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous Light
And bless this Day with most unequal'd Lustre.
Your

The MOURNING BRIDE. 19

Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is entering now in Martial Pomp the Palace:
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish*
Wealth.

Chariots of War, adorn'd with Glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills;
That bound, and foam, and champ the Golden Bit,

As they disdain'd the Victory they grace.
Prisoners of War in shining Fetters follow;
And Captains of the Noblest blood of *Africk*
Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind
With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs
raise.

The swarming Populace spread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' clefted Stones, stretching and
staring,

As if they were all Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.
While you alone retire, and shun this Sight;
This Sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The Multitude should gaze) in absence of your
Eyes.

Alm. My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with sounding
Words,

Or pompous Phrase; the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks.

Gonf. Excellent Princess!

20 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

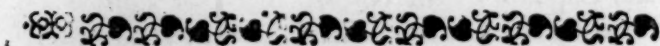
But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praise.
Garcia, my Son, your Beautys lowest Slave,
Has better done; in proving with his Sword
The Force and Influence of your matchless
Charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of *Garcias*
Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been
born.

Leo. Madam, the King. [*Flourish.*

Alm. My Women. I wou'd meet him.

[*Attendants to Almeria enter in Mourning.*



S C E N E I V.

Symphony of Warlike Musick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order round the Stage. Almeria meets the King, and kneels; afterwards Gonzalez kneels and kisses the Kings Hand, while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

K I N G.

Almeria, rise — My best Gonzalez rise.
What, Tears! my good old Friend. —

Gons. But Tears of Joy;

Believe me, Sir, to see you thus has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight than they can hold.

King. By Heav'n thou lov'st me, and I'm
pleas'd thou dost:

Take

The MOURNING BRIDE. 21

Take it for Thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To see thee weep on this Occasion— Some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our Success!
Why is't, *Almeria*; that you meet our Eyes,
Upon this solemn Day, in these sad Weeds?
In Opposition to my Brightness, you
And yours are all like Daughters of Affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to
Heav'n,
In Mourning and strict Life, for my Deliv-
rance

From Wreck and Death, wants yet to be ex-
pired.

King. Your Zeal to Heav'n is great; so is your
Debt:

Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That Life which Heav'n preserv'd. A Day be-
stow'd

In Filial Duty, had atton'd and giv'n
A Dispensation to your Vow— No more:
'Twas weak and wilful — and a Woman's Er-
ror.

Yet — upon thought, it doubly wounds my
Sight,

To see that Sable worn upon the Day
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest Foe,
Hated *Anselmo*, was interr'd — By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him: Just so,
Thy senseless Vow appear'd to bear its Date,
Not from that Hour wherein thou wert pre-
serv'd,

But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonso* perish'd.
Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of
that?

Gonf. Have Patience, Royal Sir, the Princess
weeps

22 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour should be *Alphonso's* Loss;
And her Deliverance, is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have
feasted

When my first Foe was laid in Earth, such En-
mity,

Such Detestation, bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter should have revell'd at his Death.
She should have made these Palace-Walls to
shake,

And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoicings. What! to mourn, and
weep;

Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! By
Heav'n,

There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that Hour, through all
his Care,

And shook his Chains in Transport and rude
Harmony.

Gonf. What she has done, was in Excess of
Goodness;

Betray'd by too much Piety, to seem
As if she had offended — Sure, no more.

King. To seem is to commit, at this Conjun-
cture.

I wonot have a seeming Sorrow seen
To-day — Retire, divest your self with speed
Of that offensive Black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow: For you,
It shall be your Excuse, that I command it.

Garc. kneeling. Your Pardon, Sir, if I presume
so far,

As to remind you of your gracious Promise.

King. Rise, *Garcia* — I forgot. Yet stay,
Almeria.

Alm.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 23

Alm. My boding Heart! ——— What is your Pleasure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your Hand; and, *Garcia*, yours:

Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take — O not to take —

But to devote, and yield my self for ever The Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.

Gonf. O let me prostrate pay my worthless Thanks —

King. No more; my Promise long since pass'd, thy Services,

And *Garcias* well try'd Valour, all oblige me.

This Day we triumph; but to Morrows Sun,

Garcia, shall shine to grace thy Nuptials —

Alm. Oh! —

[*Faints.*

Gar. She faints! help to support her.

Gonf. She recovers.

King. A Fit of Bridal Fear; How is't, *Almeria*?

Alm. A sudden Chillsness seizes on my Spirits. Your Leave, Sir to retire.

King. *Garcia*, Conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.* This idle Vow hangs on her Womans Fears.

I'll have a Priest shall preach her from her Faith;

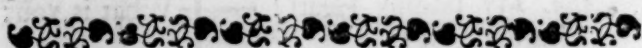
And make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow

Which I'd have broken. Now, what would

Alonzo?



24 *The* MOURNING BRIDE



S C E N E V.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA,
ALONZO, *Attendants.*

ALONZO.

YOUR beauteous Captive Zara is arriv'd,
And with a Train as if she still were Wife
To *Albucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

King. It is our Will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these Prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whose mute Valour you relate such Wonders?

[*Prisoners led off.*]

Gar. *Osmyn*, who led the *Mooris* Horse;
but he,

Great Sir, at her Request, attends on *Zara*.

King. He is your Prisoner, as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my Kindness,

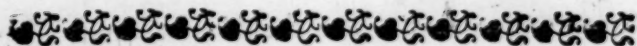
And with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he speak
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not command.

King. Such Sullenness, and in a Man so brave,
Must have some other Cause than his Captivity.
Did *Zara* then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My Lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

S C E-



S C E N E VI.

KING, GONSALEZ, GARCIA, ALONZO, ZARA and OSMYN bound,
conducted by PEREZ and attended by SELIM and several Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.

K I N G.

WHAT Welcome, and what Honours
beauteous Zara,

A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.

A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;

Who with such Lustre strike admiring Eyes,

That had our Pomp been with your Presence
grac'd,

Th'expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd, and
seen

Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
In pleasing Triumph led, your Beauty's Slave.

Zara. If I on any Terms could condescend
To like Captivity, or think those Honours,
Which Conquerors in Courtesie bestow,
Of equal Value with unborrow'd Rule,
And Native Right to Arbitrary Sway,
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this Train
With usual Homage wait: But when I feel
These Bonds, I look with loathing on my self;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praises, and dissembled State.

King. Those Bonds! 'twas my Command you
should be free.

How durst you, Perez, disobey?

B 5

Per.

26 The MOURNING BRIDE.

Per. Great Sir,
Your Order was, she should not wait your
Triumph;

But at some distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should
be free :

If not in Words, I bid it by my Eyes.

Her Eyes did more than bid — Free her and
hers

With Speed ——— yet stay — my Hands alone
can make

Fit Restitution here — Thus I release you,
And by releasing you enslave my self.

Zara. Such Favours so conferr'd, tho' when
unsought,

Deserve Acknowledgement from Noble Minds.

Such Thanks as one hating to be oblig'd —

Yet hating more Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to excel, and to command !

As by transcendent Beauty to attract

All Eyes, so by Preheminence of Soul

To rule all Hearts.

[*Beholding Osmyn, as they unbind him.*

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,
And sullen Port, glooms downward with his
Eyes;

At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty ?

Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke, that's
Osmyn.

King. He answers well the Character you gave
him.

Whence comes it, valiant *Osmyn* that a Man

So great in Arms as thou art said to be,

So hardly can endure Captivity,

The common Chance of War ?

Osm. Because Captivity

Has

The MOURNING BRIDE. 19

Has robb'd me of a dear and just Revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Os. I would nor have you.

Zara. That Gallant *Moor* in Battel lost a Friend ,

Whom more than life he lov'd ; and the Regret ,
Of not revenging on his Foes that Loss ,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Despair.

King. She does excuse him ; 'tis as I suspected.
[To *Gonf.*

Gonf. That Friend may be her self ; seem not to heed

His arrogant Reply : She looks concern'd.

King. I'll have Enquiry made ; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives , and is a Prisoner. His Name ?

Zara. *Heli.*

King. *Garcia* , that Search shall be your Care :
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here ;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down ,
And raise Loves Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph , now are mine no
more ;

Nor will I Victory in Camps adore :
For , ling'ring there , in long suspense she stands ;
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands :
Unus'd to wait , I broke through her Delay ,
Fix'd her by Force , and snatch'd the doubtful
Day.

Now , late I find that War is but her Sport ;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court :
Fickle in Field , unsteadily she flies ,
But rules with settled Sway in *Zaras* Eyes.

End of the First Act.

A C T.

107 *The* MOURNING BRIDE



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

Representing the Isle of a Temple.

GARCIA, HELI, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

THIS Way, we're told, *Osmyn* was seen
to walk;

Chusing this lonely Mansion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy mistaken Fate.

Heli. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Cen-
tre strike me,

If to arise in very deed from Death,
And to revisit with my long clos'd Eyes
This living Light, cou'd to my Soul, or Sense;
Afford a Thought, or show a Glimpse of Joy,
In least proportion to the vast Delight
I feel, to hear of *Osmyn's* Name; to hear
That *Osmyn* lives, and I again shall see him.

Gar. I've heard, with Admiration, of your
Friendship.

Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

Heli. Where? where?

Gar. I saw him not, nor any like him. —

Per. I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my
View,

And striding with distemper'd haste; his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flash'd upon me with a Glance;
Then

The MOURNING BRIDE. 29

Then forward shot their Fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some Object frightful, yet not fear'd.

Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the Cause.

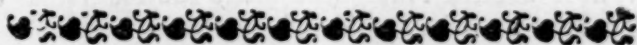
Heli. My Lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cause.
I know his Melancholy, and such Starts
Are usual to his Temper. It might raise him
To act some Violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Passions way,
Secure and loose in friendly Solitude.

I know his Noble Heart would burst with
Shame,

To be surpriz'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend.

Far be 't from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the the Privacies of others.



S C E N E II.

GARCIA, PEREZ.

GARCIA.

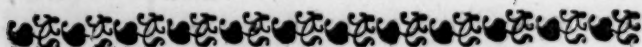
Perez, the King expects from our Return
To have his Jealousie confirm'd, or clear'd;
Of that appearing Love which *Zara* bears
To *Osmyn*; but some other Opportunity
Must make that plain.

Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
And ev'ry Look from him and her confirms it.

Gar. If so, Unhappiness attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear some coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.

S C E.

30 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*



S C E N E III.

ALMERIA, LEONORA.

ALMERIA.

IT was a fancy'd Noise, for all is hush'd !
Leo. It bore the Accent of a Human Voice.
Alm. It was thy Fear, or else some transient
Wind

Whistling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Isle.
We'll listen—

Leo. Hark!

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as Death—
'Tis dreadful!

How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whose ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made stedfast and immo-
veable,

Looking Tranquility. It strikes an Awe
And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
And Monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a Chillness to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy Voice——my own affrights me with its
Echos.

Leo. Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will encrease your Melancholy.

Alm. It may my Fears, but cannot add to
that.

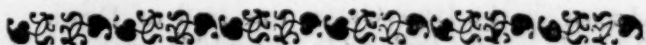
No, I will on; shew me *Anselmos* Tomb,
Lead

The MOURNING BRIDE. 31

Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls and mould'ring
Earth

Of Human Bodies; for I'll mix with them :
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Coarse
Yet green in Earth , rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcias* more detested Bed. That Thought
Exerts my Spirits ; and my present Fears
Are lost in dread of greater Ill. Then shew me,
Lead me , for I am bolder grown : Lead on
Where I may kneel and pay my Vows again
To him , to Heav'n , and my *Alphonso's* Soul.

Leo. I go ; but Heav'n can tell with what
Regret.



S C E N E I V.

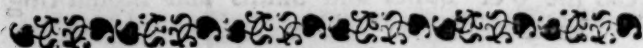
*The Scene opening discovers a Place of
Tombs. One Monument fronting the
View greater than the rest.*

HELI.

I Wander thro' this Maze of Monuments ,
Yet cannot find him ——— Hark ! sure 'tis
the Voice
Of one complaining — There it sounds — I'll
follow it.



S C E-



S C E N E V.

ALMERIA, LEONORA,

LEONORA.

BEhold the Sacred Vault, within whose Womb
 The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest;
 Yet fresh and unconsum'd by Time or Worms.
 What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
 Are false, or still the Marble Door remains
 Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
 Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their
 Hinge,

And staring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly Yawn of Death
 for me;

And that dumb Mouth, significant in Show,
 Invites me to the Bed where I alone
 Shall rest; shews me the Grave, where Nature
 weary,

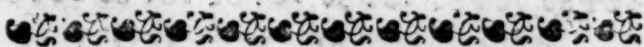
And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
 May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
 Of Peace Eternal. Death, grim Death, will
 fold

Me in his leaden Arms, and press me close
 To his cold clayie Breast: My Father then
 Will cease his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
 Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
 My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
 And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways
 Of that refulgent World, where I shall swim
 In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliss

To

The MOURNING BRIDE. 33

To my *Alphonso's* Soul. O Joy too great!
O Extratie of thought! Help me, *Anselmo*;
Help me, *Alphonso*; take me, reach thy Hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonso*.
O *Alphonso*.



S C E N E V I.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN *as-*
tending from the Tomb.

O S M Y N.

W H O calls that wretched Thing that was
Alphonso?

Alm. Angels, and all the Host of Heav'n,
support me!

Osm. Whence is that Voice, whose Shrilness,
from the Grave,

And growing to his Fathers Shroud, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy Providence! O speak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me,
hide me,

Leonora, in thy Bosom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

Osm. Amazement and Illusion!
Rivet me, and nail me where I stand, ye Pow'rs;
[*Coming forward*

That motionless I may be still deceiv'd.

Let me not stir, nor breath, lest I dissolve

That tender, lovely Form of painted Air,

So like *Almeria*. Ha! it sinks, it falls;

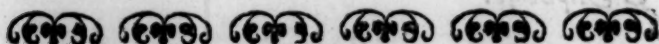
I'll catch it ere it goes, and grasp her Shade.

C

'Tis

34 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

'Tis Life 'tis warm ! 'tis she ! tis she her self !
Nor Dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive !
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my Wife !



S C E N E V I I.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, OSMYN,
H E L I.

LEONORA.

A L A S , she stirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting — Help me, help me,
Stranger,
Who-e'er thou art, and lend thy Hand to raise
These Bodies.

Heli. Ha ! 'tis he ! and with — *Almeria* !

O Miracle of Happiness ! O Joy
Unhop'd for ! does *Almeria* live !

Osm. Where is she ?

Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she ; shew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine — 'Tis she, I'm not de-
ceiv'd ;

I taste her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bless me with thy Eyes ;
Look on thy Love ; thy Lover and thy Hus-
band.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia* ; why
d'ye force me ?
Is this a Father ?

Osm. Look on thy *Alphonso*.

Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia* :
Nor am I what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*.
Wilt thou not know me ? Hast thou then forgot
me ?

Hast

The MOURNING BRIDE. 35

Hast thou thy Eyes, yet can'st not see *Alphonso*?
Am I so alter'd, or art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my Disguise, thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is *Alphonso*. 'Tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all!
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the Bottom of the boundless Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
O how hast thou return'd! How hast thou charm'd
The Wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this,
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me?

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the Paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life, to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance
Or Means by which I have thee —
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy,
I have not Leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle Time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while —
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Osm. What would'st thou? thou dost put me
from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Osm. And why? What dost thou mean? why
dost thou gaze so?

Alm. I know not, 'tis to see thy Face, I
think —

It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see him thus again is such Profusion
Of Joy, of Bliss — I cannot bear — I must
Be mad — I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n
of Love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou
alive?

36 The MOURNING BRIDE!

How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we!
O my strain'd Heart — let me again behold thee,
For I weep to see thee — Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

Osm. Not in my Love.

Alm. No, no, thy Griefs, I know, have
done this to thee.

Thou hast wept much, *Alphonso*, and, I fear,
Too much too tenderly lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my Love, to say too tenderly.
No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.

Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
My Arms which ake to fold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn
To Heav'n and thee, and sooner wou'd have dy'd —

Osm. Perfection of all Faithfulness and Love!

Alm. Indeed I wou'd — Nay, I wou'd tell thee
all,

If I cou'd speak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee as to a Saint:

And thou hast heard my Prayer; for thou art come
To my Distress, to my Despair, which Heav'n
Could only by restoring thee have cur'd.

Osm. Grant me but Life, good Heav'n, but length
of Days,

To pay some part, some little of this Debt,
This countless Sum of Tenderness and Love,
For which I stand engag'd to this All-excellence:
Then bear me in a Whirlwind to my Fare,
Snatch me from Life, and cut me short unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough — I shall be old,
I shall have liv'd beyond all *Eras* then
Of yet unmeasur'd Time; when I have made
This exquisite, this most amazing Goodness,

Some

The MOURNING BRIDE. 37

Some Recompence of Love and matchless Truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than Recompence, to see thy Face:

If Heav'n is greater Joy it is no Happiness,
For 'tis not to be born — What shall I say?
I have a thousand things to know, and ask,
And speak — That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought; that all at once thou art before me;
And with such Suddenness hast hit my Sight,
Is such Surprise, such Mystery, such Extravie!
It hurries all my Soul, and stuns my Sense.
Sure from thy Fathers Tomb thou didst arise!

Osm. I did, and thou my Love didst call me thence.

Alm. True; but how cam'st thou there? Wert thou alone?

Osm. I was, and lying on my Fathers Lead,
When broken Ecchos of a distant Voice
Disturb'd the sacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I rose and listned,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonso*;
I thought I saw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed should be so blest to see thee —

Alm. But still, how cam'st thou hither? how thus? — Ha!

What's he, who like thy self is started here
Ere seen?

Osm. Where? ha! what do I see? *Antonio*!
I'm fortunate indeed — my Friend too, safe!

Heli. Most happily, in finding you thus blest'd.

Alm. More Miracles! *Antonio* too escap'd!

Osm. And twice escap'd, both from the Rage
of Seas

And War: For in the Fight I saw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a Prisoner as your self,
And as your self made free, hither I came
Impatiently to seek you, where I knew

38 The MOURNING BRIDE.

Your Grief would lead you to lament *Anselmo*.

Osm. There are no Wonders, or else all is Wonder.

Heli. I saw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up: When with Astonishment, I saw *Almeria*.

Osm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alm. Nor I, nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

Osm. What means the Bounty of All-gracious Heav'n,

That persevering still, with open Hand,

It scatters good, as in a waste of Mercy!

Where will this end! but Heav'n is Infinite

In all, and can continue to bestow,

When scanty Number shall be spent in telling.

Leo. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpse Of two in shining Habits cross the Isle;

Who By their pointing seem to mark this Place.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Osm. I wish at least, our Parting were a Dream, Or we could sleep 'till we again were met.

Heli. Zara with *Selim*, Sir I saw and knew 'em: You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

Alm. What Love? Who is she? Why are you alarm'd?

Osm. She's the Reverse of thee; she's my Unhappiness.

Harbour no Thought that may disturb thy Peace;

But gently take thy self away, lest she

Should come and see the straining of my Eyes

To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet

To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;

How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;

How I'm not call'd *Alphonso* now, but *Osmyn*;

And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold,

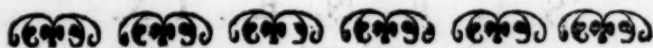
Ere next we meet—

Alm. Sure we shall meet again—

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again: Glad-

The MOURNING BRIDE. 39

Gladness and Warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.



S C E N E VIII.

OSMYN, *alone.*

YET I behold her — yet — And now no more.

Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and view my Thought,

So shall you still behold her — 'twill not be.

O impotence of Sight! Mechanick Sense,

Which to exterior Objects ow'st thy Faculty,

Not seeing of election, but necessity.

Thus do our Eyes, as do all common Mirrours,
Successively reflect succeeding Images;

Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad:

Just as the Hand of Chance administers.

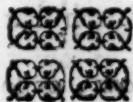
Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View

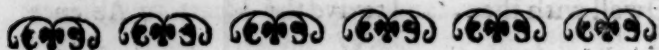
Revolves, and to the present adds the past:

Effaying further to Futurity;

But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here

At once, as I before have seen her often —





S C E N E I X.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Z A R A.

SEE where he stands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
 Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among Statues.
 Why, cruel *Osmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?
 Is it well done? Is this then the Return
 For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire lost?
 But what is loss of Honour, Fame and Empire?
 Is this the Recompence reserv'd for Love?
 Why dost thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
 To find this Place of Horror and Obscurity?
 Am I more loathsome to thee than the Grave,
 That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and
 shun
 My Love? But to the Grave I'll follow thee —
 He looks not, minds not, hears not; barba-
 rous Man!
 Am I neglected thus? Am I despis'd?
 Not heard! ungrateful *Osmyn*.

Osm. Ha, 'tis *Zara*!

Zara. Yes, Traitor; *Zara*, lost abandon'd
Zara,

Is a regardless Suppliant, now, to *Osmyn*.
 The Slave, the Wretch that she redeem'd from
 Death,

Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

Osm. Far be the Guilt of such Reproaches from
 me;

Lost in my self, and blinded by my Thoughts,
 I saw you not, 'till now.

Zara.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 41

Zara. Now then you see me —

But with such dumb and thankless Eyes you
look,

Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

O/m. What would you from a Wretch who
came to mourn;

And only for his Sorrows chose this Solitude?

Look round; Joy is not here, nor Chearfulness.

You have pursu'd Misfortune to its Dwelling,

Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why dost thou wrack
me thus?

And with Perverseness, from the Purpose, answer?

What is't to me, this House of Misery?

What Joy do I require? If thou dost mourn,

I come to mourn with thee; to share thy Griefs,

And give thee, for 'em, in Exchange, my Love.

O/m. O that's the greatest Grief — I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a Heart, though 'tis a Savage
one;

Give it me as it is; I ask no more

For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:

For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,

Driv'n by the Tide upon my Countrys Coast,

Pale and expiring, drench'd in Briny Waves,

Thou and thy Friend, 'till my Compassion found
thee;

Compassion! scarce will't own that Name, so soon,

So quickly was it Love; for thou wert God-like

Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,

And with it dry'd thy wat'ry Cheeks; then chaf'd

Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood arose,

And like the Morn vermilion'd o'er thy Face.

O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,

When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,

And felt the Balm of thy respiring Lips!

C 5

O/m.

42 The MOURNING BRIDE.

Osm. O call not to my Mind what you have done,
It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
Which shews me poor and Bankrupt even in
Hopes.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
What Arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fex*;
And as my Kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
O, why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this War
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor
why

You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
To this Invasion; where he late was lost,
Where all is lost, and I am made a Slave.
Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
Think on my Suff'rings first, then look on me;
Think on the Cause of all, then view thy self:
Reflect on *Osmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the Captive *Zara*,
And now abandon'd — say, what then is *Osmyn*?

Osm. A fatal Wretch — a huge stupenduous Ruin,
That tumbling on its Prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with
the vilest,

If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
But larger Means to gratifie the Will?
The Steps on which we tread, to rise, and reach
Our Wish; and that obtain'd, down with the
Scaffolding
Of Scepters, Crowns, and Thrones; they've serv'd
their End, And

The MOURNING BRIDE. 43

And are, like Lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the Instrument, to throw
In Bonds the Frame of this exalted Mind?

Zara. We may be free; the Conqueror is mine;
In Chains unseen I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind or strain him as I please.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free your self,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou
talk'st.

Osm. Alas, you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art:

But what, this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness — Thou say'st true, I
know

Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a Name:
But something so unworthy, and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more
lost,

Than all the Malice of my other Fate.

Traitor, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave!

A Slave, not daring to be free! nor dares

To love above him, for 'tis dangerous:

'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with Eyes
Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.

I know my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires; but
thou

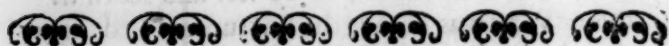
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The
King!

There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy
Rival!

Selim. Madam, the King is here, and entering
now.

Zara. As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be re-
veng'd.

S C E.



S C E N E X.

ZARA, OSMYN, SELIM, *the KING,*
PEREZ, *and Attendants.*

K I N G.

WHY does the fairest of her Kind withdraw
Her Shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night? Ha! what Disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd:
What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

Zara. There, he, your Prisoner, and that was
my Slave.

King. How! Better than my Hopes! Does she
accuse him? [*Aside.*

Zara. Am I become so low by my Captivity,
And do your Arms so lessen what they conquer,
That *Zara* must be made the Sport of Slaves?
And shall the Wretch, whom yester Sun beheld
Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Pow'r,
Presume to day to plead audacious Love,
And build bold Hopes on my dejected Fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the Rage of
Heav'n,

And wrench the Bolt red-hissing from the Hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that Insolence,
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd: to Whips and Prisons
Drag him with Speed, and rid me of his Face.

[*Guards seize Osmyn.*

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his State,
Whose

The MOURNING BRIDE. 45

Whose former Faith had merited much more:
And through my Hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large: thence sprung his Insolence,

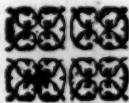
And what was Charity, he constru'd Love.

King. Enough; his Punishment be what you please.

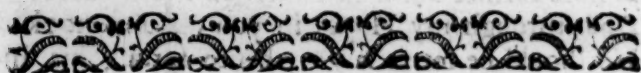
But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
To one, where young Delights attend; and Joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the Bud,
Which wait to be full blown at your Approach,
And spread like Roses to the Morning Sun:
Where ev'ry Hour shall roll in circling Joys,
And Love shall wing the tedious-wasting Day.
Life without Love is Load; and Time stands still:

What we refuse to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

End of the Second Act.



ACT.



A C T. I I I.

S C E N E I.

A P R I S O N.

Osmyn alone with a Paper.

OSMYN.

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the
Tomb

That holds my Fathers Ashes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some Purpose points out these Remem-
brances.

In a dark Corner of my Cell I found
This Paper, what it is this Light will show.
If my Alphonso——Ha! [Reading.]

*If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n;
Give me more Weight, crush my declining Years
With Bolts, with Chains, Imprisonment and Want;
But bless my Son, visit not him for me.*

It is his Hand; this was his Pray'r——yet more

Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots [Reading.]
*Tears from my hoary and devoted Head,
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
Not for my self, but him, hear me, All-gracious——*
'Tis

The MOURNING BRIDE. 47

'Tis wanting what shou'd follow — *Heav'n* shou'd follow,

But 'tis torn off — Why shou'd that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to *Heav'n*,
But *Heav'n* was deaf, *Heav'n* heard him not; but
thus,

Thus as the Name of *Heav'n* from this is torn,
So did it tear the Ears of Mercy from
His Voice, shutting the Gates of Pray'r against him.
If Piety be thus debarr'd Access

On high, and of good Men the very best

Is singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge,

What is Reward? or what is Punishment?

But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice!

Yet I may think — I may, I must; for Thought
Precedes the Will to think, and Error lives

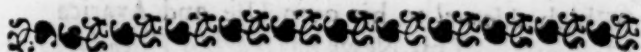
Ere Reason can be born. Reason, the Power

To guess at Right and Wrong; the twinkling Lamp

Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by turns,

Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.

What Noise! Who's there? my Friend! How
cam'st thou hither?



S C E N E II.

OSMYN, HELI.

HELI.

THE Time's too precious to be spent in tel-
ling;

The Captain, influenc'd by *Almeria's* Power,
Gave Order to the Guards for my Admittance.

Osm. How does *Almeria*? But I know, she is

As

48 *The MOURNING BRIDE!*

As I am: Tell me, may I hope to see her?

Heli. You may; anon, at Midnight, when the
King

Is gone to Rest, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the Privilege to visit late,
Presuming on a Bridegrooms Right) she'll come.

O/m. She'll come; 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
She'll come, but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile Prison, and a captiv'd Wretch;
To one, whom had she never known, she had
Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly Creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes?
Why does she follow, with unwearied Steps,
One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing?
One driv'n about the World like blasted Leaves
And Chaff, the Sport of adverse Winds; 'till late
At length, imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock,
Or Earth, it rests, and rots to silent Dust.

Heli. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better
Fate.

I've learn'd there are Disorders ripe for Mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to share the
Plunder,

Which *Manuel* to his own Use and Avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentias* Fron-
tiers;

Where many of your Subjects, long oppress'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impositions,
Are risen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their Rights & Liberty.

O/m. By Heav'n thou'st rous'd me from my
Lethargy.

The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of my Dead Fathers Blood;
Deaf to Revenge —— nay, which refus'd to
hear

The piercing Sighs and Murmurs of my Love

Yet

Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raise, my Peoples Voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe, with conq'ring Troops:
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns. Where is the
King?

Where is *Alphonso*? ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the Strings of Life,
To break these Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of
Royalty.

Off Slavery. O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage when I
Would soar, and stoop at victory beneath.

Heli. Our Posture of Affairs, and scanty Time,
My Lord, require you should compose your self,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the Cause of your Restraint, may be
The Means of Liberty restor'd. That gain'd,
Occasion will not fail to point out ways
For your Escape. Mean time, I've thought al-
ready

With speed and safety, to convey my self
Where not far off some Mal-contents hold
Council

Nightly; hating this Tyrant: Some, who love
Anselmos Memory, and will, for certain,
When they shall know you live, assist your Cause.

Osm. My Friend and Counsellor; as thou
think'st fit,
So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.

Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Avera-
sion.

Osm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble Love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper

D

Which

50 *The* MOURNING BRIDE.

Which I would shew thee, Friend, but that the
Sight

Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.

Within I found it, by my Fathers Hand

'Twas writ; a Pray'r for me, wherein appears

Paternal Love prevailing o'er his Sorrows;

Such Sanctity, such Tenderneſs, ſo mix'd

With Grief, as wou'd draw Tears from Inhu-
manity.

Heli. The care of Providence ſure left it there,

To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety

Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store

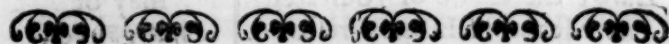
For you, thoſe Bleſſings it with-held from him.

In that Assurance live; which Time, I hope,

And our next Meeting will confirm.

Oſm. Farewel,

My Friend, the Good thou doſt deſerve attend
thee.



S C E N E III.

OSMYN alone.

I'VE been to blame, and queſtion'd with Im-
piety

The Care of Heav'n. Not ſo my Father bore

More anxious Grief. This ſhou'd have better
taught me;

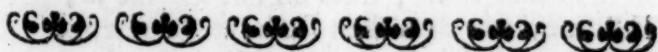
This Leſſon, in ſome Hour of Inſpiration,

By him ſet down; when his pure Thoughts
were born,

Like Fumes of ſacred Incenſe, o'er the Clouds,
And waſted thence, on Angels Wings, thro'
Ways Of

The MOURNING BRIDE. 51

Of Light to the bright Source of all. For there
He in the Book of Prescience saw this Day;
And waking to the World and mortal Sense,
Left this Example of his Resignation,
This his last Legacy to me, which here
I'll treasure, as more worth than Diadems,
Or all extended Rule of Regal Pow'r.



S C E N E I V.

O S M Y N, Z A R A *Veil'd.*

O S M Y N.

WHAT Brightness breaks upon me thus thro'
Shades,
And promises a Day to this dark Dwelling!
Is it my Love? —

Zara. O that thy Heart had taught
[*Lifting her Veil.*

Thy Tongue that Saying.

Osm. Zara! I am betray'd
By my Surprise

Zara. What, does my Face displease thee?
That having seen it, thou dost turn thy Eyes
Away, as from Deformity and Horror.
If so, this Sable Curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
And unseen. Is it my Love? ask again
That Question, speak again in that soft Voice,
And look again with Wishes in thy Eyes.
O no, thou can'st not, for thou seest me now,
As she, whose Savage Breast has been the Cause
Of these thy Wrongs; as she, whose barbarous
Rage

D 2

Has

52 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Has loaden thee with Chains and galling Irons:
Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my Fal-
seness;

Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she
lov'd?

No, no, it must be Hatred, dire Revenge
And Detestation, that cou'd use thee thus.

So thou dost think; then do but tell me so;

Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge

Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear

This Heart of Flint 'till it shall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Mi-
series.

O/m. You wrong me, beauteous Zara; to
believe

I bear my Fortunes with so low a Mind,

As still to meditate Revenge on all

Whom Chance, or Fate working by secret Causes,

Has made perforce subservient to that End

The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me. No, not you,

But Destiny and inauspicious Stars

Have cast me down to this low Being: Or,

Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou
believe

So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madness?

O, give that Madness yet a milder Name,

And call it Passion; then, be still more kind,

And call that Passion Love.

O/m. Give it a Name,

Or Being as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. O thou dost wound me more with this
thy Goodness,

Than e'er thou cou'd'st with bitterest Reproaches.

Thy Anger cou'd not pierce thus to my Heart.

O/m. Yet I cou'd wish —

Zara. Haste me to know it, what?

O/m.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 53

Osm. That at this Time I had not been this Thing.

Zara. What thing?

Osm. This Slave.

Zara. O Heav'n! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence; somewhat of high Concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now just ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Osm. Time may have still one fated Hour to
come,
Which wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as Occasion, I
My self will fly; and earlier than the Morn
Wake thee to Freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some News few Minutes past arriv'd, which
seem'd

To shake the Temper of the King ——— Who
knows

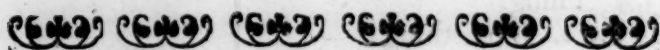
What racking Cares disease a Monarchs Bed?
Or Love, that late at Night still lights his Lamp,
And strikes his Rays thro' dusk, and folded Lids,
Forbidding Rest, may stretch his Eyes awake,
And force their Balls abroad at this dead Hour.
I'll try.

Osm. I have not merited this Grace;
Nor, shou'd my secret Purpose take Effect,
Can I repay, as you require, such Benefits.

Zara. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have
I more

To give, than I've already lost. But now,
So does the Form of our Engagements rest,
Thou hast the Wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Justice to return
My Love. Adieu.

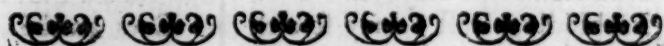
54 *The* MOURNING BRIDE.



S C E N E V.

OSMYN, *alone.*

THIS Woman has a Soul
Of God-like Mould, intrepid and commanding;
And challenges, in spight of me, my best
Esteem: to this she's fair, few more can boast
Of Personal Charms, or with less Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
But she has Passions which out-strip the Wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as Tempests root
The Sea. I fear when she shall know the Truth,
Some swift and dire Event of her blind Rage
Will make all fatal But behold, she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my Fears.
The Cause and Comfort of my boding Heart.



S C E N E VI.

ALMERIA, OSMYN.

OSMYN.

MY Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All,
How shall I welcome thee to this sad Place?
How speak to thee the Words of Joy and Transport?
How run into thy Arms, with-held by Fetters;
Or

The MOURNING BRIDE. 55

Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled

And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?

Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender Body,

And stain thy Bosom with the Rust of these

Rude Irons? Must I meet thee thus, *Almeria*?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.

Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet

To part no more — Now we will part no more,
For these thy Chains, or Death, shall join us ever.

Ofm. Hard Means to ratifie that Word! — O Cruelty!

That ever I should think beholding thee

A Torture! — yet, such is the bleeding Anguish

Of my Heart, to see thy Sufferings — O Heav'n!

That I cou'd almost turn my Eyes away,

Or wish thee from my Sight.

Alm. O say not so;

Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me: Do not say,

On any Terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.

No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together

Feed on each others Heart, devour our Woes

With mutual Appetite; and mingling in

One Cup the common Stream of both our Eyes,

Drink bitter Draughts, with never-slacking Thirst.

Thus better, than for any Cause to part.

What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly

Upon me — speak, and take me in thy Arms —

Thou canst not! thy poor Arms are bound, and strive

In vain with the remorseless Chains, which gnaw

And eat into thy Flesh, festring thy Limbs

56 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

With rankling Rust.

O/m. Oh! O —

Alm. Give me that Sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burst, thy Eyes look red and start;
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought.

O/m. For this Worlds Rule, I wou'd not
wound thy Breast

With such a Dagger as then stuck my Heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound
me more,

Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me.

— Thou giv'st me Pain with too much Tender-
ness!

O/m. And thy excessive love distracts my Sense!
O wou'dst thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Grief cou'd not double thus his Darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me Wrong, and Grief too robs
my Heart,

If there be shoot not ev'ry other Shaft;
Thy second self thou'd feel each other Wound,
And Woe thou'd be in equal Portions dealt.

I am thy Wife —

O/m. O thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel Cords
That strain my cracking Nerves: Engines and
Wheels,

That Piece-meal grind, are Bed of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd

Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy Torment
Kill me, kill me then, dash me with thy Chains;
Tread on me: What, am I the Bosom-Snake,
That sucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy
Heart?

O that thy Words had force to break those Bonds,
As they have Strength to tear this Heart in sunder;

So

The MOURNING BRIDE. 57

So thou'dst thou be at large from all Oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worst?

O/m. My all of Bliss, my everlasting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my Wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy Words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy Weepings?
Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus
piercingly?

Thy Sorrows have disturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou dost speak of Miserys impossible.

Alm. Didst thou not say, that Racks and Wheels
were Balm,
And Beds of Ease, to thinking me thy Wife?

O/m. No, no; nor thou'd the subtlest Pains
that Hell,

Or Hell-born Malice can invent, extort
A Wish or Thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my Heart:
Thou art my Wife — nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The Sacred Union of Connubial Love
Yet unaccomplish'd; his misterious Rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymenæal Torch
Yet lighted up his last most grateful Sacrifice;
But dash'd with Rain from Eyes, and swail'd with
Sighs,

Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell a Temple for that God?

Or this vile Earth an Altar for such Off'rings?
This den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with
Woes;

Is this our Marriage-Bed! Are these our Joys!
Is this to call thee mine? O hold my Heart:
To call thee mine? Yes, thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extreamest Extasie;
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in Misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

58 The MOURNING BRIDE.

Alm. No ; not that
Th' extreamest Malice of our Fate can hinder:
That still is left us , and on that we'll feed ,
As on the Leavings of Calamity.

There we will feast , and smile on past Distress ,
And hug , in scorn of it , our mutual Ruin.

Osm. O thou dost talk, my Love, as one resolv'd ,
Because not knowing Danger. But look forward ;
Think on to Morrow , when thou shalt be torn
From these weak , struggling , unextended Arms ;
Think how my Heart will heave , and Eyes will
strain ,

To grasp and reach what is deny'd my Hands :
Think how the Blood will start , and Tears will
gush

To follow thee , my separating Soul.

Think how I am , when thou shalt wed with
Garcia !

Then will I smear these Walls with Blood , dis-
figure

And dash my Face , and rive my clotted Hair ,
Break on the flinty Floor my throbbing Breast ,
And grovel with gash'd Hands to scratch a Grave ,
Stripping my Nails , to tear this Pavement up ,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking Horror !

Osm. Then *Garcia* shall lye panting on thy
Bosom ,

Luxurious , revelling amidst thy Charms ;
And thou perforce must yield , and aid his Trans-
port.

Hell ! Hell ! have I not Cause to rage and rave ?
What are all Racks , and Wheels , and Whips
to this ?

Are they not soothing Softness , sinking Ease ,
And wasing Air to this ? O my *Almeria* ,
What do the Damn'd endure , but to despair ,

But

The MOURNING BRIDE. 59

But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever

Alm. O, I am struck; thy Words are Bolts
of Ice,

Which shot into my Breast, now melt and chill
me.

I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears.

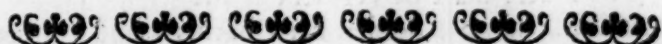
No, hold me not — O, let us not support,

But sink each other, deeper yet, down, down,

Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,

But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth

With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain.



S C E N E V I I.

ZARA, PEREZ, SELIM, OSMYN,
ALMERIA.

Z A R A.

Somewhat of weight to me requires his Freedom.

Dare you dispute the Kings Command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg

Your Majesty one Moment to defer

Your entring, 'till the Princess is return'd

From visiting the Noble Prisoner.

Zara. Ha!

What say'st thou?

Os. We are lost! undone! discover'd!

Retire, my Life, with speed — Alas, we're seen:

Speak of Compassion, let her hear you speak

Of interceding for me with the King;

Say somewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,

If

60 *The* MOURNING BRIDE.

If possible. —

Alm. I cannot speak.

Osm. Let me

Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her;
But 'till she's gone; then bless me thus again.

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her
forth!

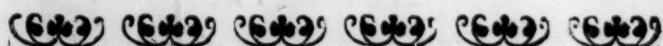
Confusion in his Face, and Grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd — Death and De-
struction!

How shall I search into this Mystery?
The bluest Blast of Pestilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his
Eyes:

Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruin part 'em.

[*Aloud to Almeria as she goes out*

Osm. This Charity to one unknown, and thus
Distress'd, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are poor.



S C E N E V I I I.

ZARA, SELIM, OSMYN.

Z A R A.

Damn'd, daman'd Dissembler! Yet I will be
calm,

Choak in my Rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this Deceiver — You seem much surpriz'd.

Osm. At your return so soon and unexpected.

Zara. And so unwish'd, unwanted too it seems.

Confusion! yet I will contain my self.

You're grown a Favourite since last we parted;

Perhaps I'm sawcy and intruding —

Osm. — Madam!

Zara?

The MOURNING BRIDE. 61

Zara. I did not know the Princess Favourite.
Your Pardon, Sir — mistake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to set
You free: But shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an Interest superior.

O/m. You do not come to mock my Miseries?

Zara. I do.

O/m. I could at this Time spare your Mirth.

Zara. I know thou cou'dst, but I'm not often
pleas'd,

And will indulge it now. What Miseries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the Care of weeping Majesty?
To have contending Queens, at dead of Night
Forlake their Down, to wake with watry Eyes,
And watch like Tapers o'er your Hours of Rest.
O Curse! I cannot hold. —

O/m. Come, 'tis too much.

Zara. Villain!

O/m. How, Madam!

Zara. Thou shalt die.

O/m. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'st; for now I know for whom
thou'dst live.

O/m. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! Hell!

Yet I'll be calm — Dark and unknown Betrayer!
But now the Dawn begins, and the slow Hand
Of Fate is stretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked Mark of publick View.

O/m. You may be still deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r.

Zara. Who waits there? As you'll answer it,
look, this Slave

[*To the Guard.*

Attempt no Means to make himself away.
I've been deceiv'd: The Publick Safety now,
Requires he shou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princess suffer'd or to see,

Or

62 *The* MOURNING BRIDE.

Or speak with him. I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and Ingrate ! too late thou shalt repent
The base Injustice thou hast done my Love.
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past Distress,
And all those Ills which thou so long hast mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage, like Love to Haired turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd.

End of the Third Act.



A C T. I V.

S C E N E I.

A Room of State.

ZARA, SELIM.

Z A R A.

THOU hast already rack'd me with thy Stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Selim. Your Accusation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Osmyn*; but to that, fresh News
Is since arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Distraction) some
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Trust,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full Belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Osmyn*, and his Correspondence

With

The MOURNING BRIDE. 63

With them who first began the Mutiny.
Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is sign'd;
And Order given for Publick Execution.

Zara. Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;

Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight
More than his Crown t'impart ere *Osmyn* die.

Selim. It needs not, for the King will straight be here
And as to your Revenge, not his own Int'rest,
Pretend to sacrifice the Life of *Osmyn*.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise
Somewhat to blind the King, and save his Life
In whom I live. Spite of my Rage and Pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover still.

O! 'tis more Grief but to suppose his Death,
Than still to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.
From my Despair my Anger had its Source;
When he is dead I must despair for ever.
For ever! that's Despair — it was Distrust
Before; Distrust will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Distrust, both short-liv'd Pains.
But in Despair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.
O Torment, but to think! what than to bear?
Not to be born — Devise the Means to shun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy
Blood.

Selim. My Life is yours, nor wish I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my Rage; I know thy Love and Truth.

But say, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or stop th' approaching Danger?

Selim. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On *Osmyn's* Death; too quick a Change of Mercy
Might breed Suspicion of the Cause. Advise,
That Execution may be done in private.

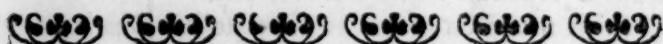
Zara,

64 *The* MOURNING BRIDE.

Zara. On what Preference?

Selim. Your own Request's enough.

However, for a Colour, tell him, you
Have Cause to fear his Guards maybe corrupted,
And some of them bought off to *Osmyns* Int'rest,
Who, at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an Escape.
The State of things will countenance all Suspensions.
Then offer to the King to have him strangl'd
In secret, by your Mutes; and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant — and I'll acquaint you with the rest.



S C E N E II.

KING, GONSALEZ, PEREZ, ZARA
SELIM.

K I N G.

BEAR to the Dungeon those Rebellious Slaves,
Th'ignoble Curs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And spend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to present Death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Gonf. Might I presume,
Their Execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Osmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this Conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.
Stay, Soldier; they shall suffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of those who follow'd *Heli*?

Gonf. None, Sir. Some Papers have been since
discover'd

The MOURNING BRIDE. 65

In *Roderigos* House, who fled with him,
Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*
Were still alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth,
They who are fled have that Way bent their
Course.

Of the same nature divers Notes have been
Dispers'd, t'amuze the People; whereupon
Some ready of Belief have rais'd this Rumour:
That being sav'd upon the Coast of *Africk*,
He there disclos'd himself to *Albucacim*,
And by a secret Compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this Invasion;
While he himself, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raise this Tumult.

Zara. Ha ! hear'st thou that ? Is *Osmyn* then
Alphonso !

O Heav'n ! a thousand things occur at once
To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain Death for him, as sure Despair
For me if it be known — If not, what Hope
Have I ? Yet 'twere the lowest Baseness, now
To yield him up — No, I will still conceal him,
And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

Cons. 'Tis not impossible. Yet, it may be
That some Impostor has usurp'd his Name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If such a one, so 'scaping was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacims* Court.

King. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Ne-
glect:

An unforeseen, unwelcom Hour of Business,
Has thrust between us and our while of Love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waste, and give again the Day.

Zara. You're too secure: The Danger is more
imminent

E

Than

66 *The MOURNING BRIDE!*

Than your high Courage suffers you to see;
While *Osmyn* lives, you are not safe.

King. His Doom

Is pass'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your
Entrance,

I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himself *Alphonso*
Was cast upon my Coasts, as is reported,
And oft had private Conference with the King;
To what Effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonso secretly departed, just
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more is, that a tripple League
Of strictest Friendship, was profess'd between
Alphonso, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Osmyn*.

King. Publick Report is ratify'd in this.

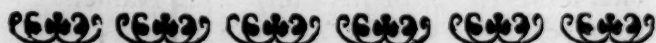
Zara. And *Osmyns* Death requir'd of strong
Necessity.

King. Give Order strait that all the Pris'ners
die.

Zara. Forbear a Moment; somewhat more I
have

Worthy your private Ear, and this your Minister.

King. Let all except *Gonsalez* leave the Room.



S C E N E I I I.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

Z A R A.

I Am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwise
Your Enemy, I have discover'd *Osmyn*

His

L

The MOURNING BRIDE. 67

His private Practice and Conspiracy
Against your State: And fully to discharge
My self of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue *Osmyn* at the Place of Death.

King. Is Treason then so near us as our Guards?

Zara. Most certain; tho' my Knowledge is not
yet

So ripe, to point at the particular Men.

King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my Train some Mutes,
A Present once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Signiors* Court. These, from their
Infancy,

Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and shall
(As there the Custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

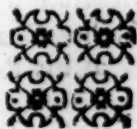
Gonf. My Lord, the Queen advises well.

King. What Off'ring, or what Recompence
remains

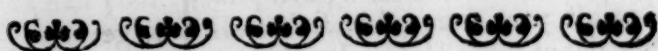
In me, that can be worthy so great Services?
To cast beneath your Feet the Crown you've sav'd,
Tho' on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but mean time, 'tis fit
You give strict Charge, that none may be admitted
To see the Pris'ner, but such Mutes as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there?



68 *The* MOURNING BRIDE!



S C E N E I V.

KING, GONSALEZ, SELIM, PEREZ.

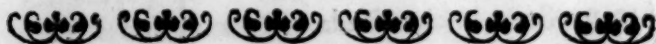
K I N G.

ON your Life take heed,
That only *Zaras* Mutes, or such who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the *Moor*.

Zara. They and no other; not the Princess self.

Per. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.



S C E N E V.

KING, GONSALEZ, ZARA, SELIM.

G O N S A L E Z.

THAT Interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with Vehemence against the Princess,

Shou'd have more meaning than appears barefac'd.

The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds

It not. Your Majesty sure might have spar'd

That last Restraint. You hardly can suspect

The Princess is Confederate with the *Moor*.

Zara. I've hear'd, her Charity did once extend
So far, to visit him, at his Request.

Gonsf. Ha!

King. How! She visit *Osmyn*! What my Daughter!

Selim.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 69

Selim. Madam, take heed, or you have ruin'd all.

Zara. And after did sollicite you on his
Behalf. —

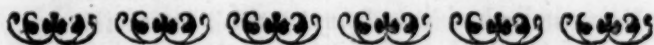
King. Never. You have been mis-inform'd.

Zara. Indeed? Then 'twas a Whisper spread by
some,

Who wish'd it so; a common Art in Courts.

I will retire, and instantly prepare

Instructions for my Ministers of Death.



S C E N E VI.

KING, GONSALEZ.

G O N S A L E Z.

THere's somewhat yet of Mystery in this;
Her words and Actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree.
I like it nor.

King. What dost thou think, *Gonsalez*?
Are we not much indebted to this Fair one?

Gonf. I am a little slow of Credit, Sir,
In the sincerity of Womens actions.
Methinks this Ladys Hatred to the *Moor*,
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends — I doubt it now — Your Guards
Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her so?
I'th' Evening *Osmyn* was to die; at Midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to release him;
I'th' Morning he must die again; ere Noon
Her Mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

E 3

King.

70 The MOURNING BRIDE.

King. Yet, that there's Truth in what she has discover'd,

Is manifest from every Circumstance.

This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation — that *Alphonso* lives;
Agrees expressly too with her Report.

Gonf. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealousie, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd:
But why that needless Caution of the Princess?
What if she had seen *Osmyn*? tho' 'twere strange.
But if she had, what was't to her? unless
She fear'd her stronger Charms might cause the
Moors

Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, Friend.

There's Reason in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'st thou that my Daughter saw this *Moor*?

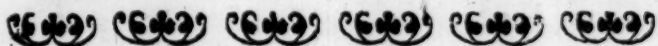
Gonf. If *Osmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonso's Friend; 'tis not impossible,
But she might wish on his Account to see him.

King. Say'st thou? By Heav'n thou hast arouz'd
a Thought,

That like a sudden Earthquake shakes my Frame.
Confusion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in private with this hellish *Moor*.

Gonf. That were too hard a Thought — but
see she comes.

'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For *Osmyn's* Death, as he's *Alphonso's* Friend.
Urge that, to try if she'll sollicite for him.



S C E N E V I I.

KING, GONSALEZ, ALMERIA,
LEONORA.

K I N G.

YOur coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your Attendant be dismiss'd; I have

[*Leonora retires.*]

To talk with you. Come near, why dost thou shake?
What mean those swell'd and red fleck'd Eyes,
that look

As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguish? Why this, on the Day
Which was design'd to Celebrate thy Nuptials;
But that the Beams of Light are to be stain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traitors on the Rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage-Rites:
Nor shall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.

Alm. All Days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death,
To Morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended Woe.

King. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know
the Cause?
And look thou answer me with Truth, for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falshood.
Why art thou mute? base and degenerate Maid!

72 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

Gonf. Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore shou'd I speak?

What mean these Tears, but Grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb Confessions of thy guilty Mind; (d'rate

They mean thy Guilt, and say thou wert Confe- With damn'd Conspirators to take my Life.

O impious Parricide! now canst thou speak?

Alm. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Bosom, And bend my flowing Eyes, to stream upon Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield; Open thy Bowels of Compassion, take Into thy Womb the last and most forlorn Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent; — I have no Parent else — be thou a Mother, And step between me and the Curse of him, Who was — who was, but is no more a Father: But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes, And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter, Now calls me Murderer and Parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee rise — and if thou wou'dst

Acquit thy self of those detested Names, Swear thou hast never seen that Foreign Dog, Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyn*.

Alm. Never, but as with Innocence I might, And free of all bad Purposes. So Heav'n's My Witness.

King. Vile equivocating Wretch!

With Innocence? O Patience! hear, — she owns it! Confesses it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd, Torn, mangl'd, flay'd, impal'd — all Pains and Tortures

That Wit of Man and dire Revenge can think, Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alm.

The MOURNING BRIDE. 73

Alm. Oh, I am lost—there Fate begins to wound.

King. Hear me, then if thou canst reply;
know, Traitors,

I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonso* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Osmyn* is. —

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die,
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Fathers wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest Sword,
And cleaves my Heart; I wou'd have born it all,
Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorseless Rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender Flesh, to have been bruise'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

King. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'st thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
Hence, ere I curse—flie my just Rage with speed;
Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father! think I am your Child.
Turn not your Eyes away—look on me kneeling;
Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
Did ever Father curse his kneeling Child?
Never: For always Blessings crown that Posture.
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Duty,
Stooping to raise from Earth the Filial Reverence;
For bended Knees returning folding Arms,
With Pray'rs, and Blessings, and paternal Love.

O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth—

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
The light Impression thou hast made remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more
of that;

For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,

74 The MOURNING BRIDE

And all shou'd follow to partake his Doom.
Away, off, let me go. — Call her Attendants.

[Leonora and Women return.

Alm. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare
Bosom,

I'll not let go 'till you have spar'd my Husband.

King. Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband!
Damnation!

What Husband? which? who?

Alm. He, he is my Husband.

King. Poison and Daggers! who?

Alm. O — [Faints.

Gonf. Help, support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep —
I'll dig

I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death; I will;

I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,

And cloath their Nakedness with my own Flesh;

Yes, I will strip of Life, and we will change:

I will be Death; then tho' you kill my Husband

He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

King. What Husband? who? whom dost thou
mean?

Gonf. She raves!

Alm. O that I did. *Osmyn*, he is my Husband.

King. *Osmyn*!

Alm. Not *Osmyn*, *Alphonso* is my dear
And wedded Husband — Heav'n, and Air, and
Seas,

Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than Winds or Waves thy self
dost rave.

Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy Madness.

Yet somewhat she must mean of dire Import,

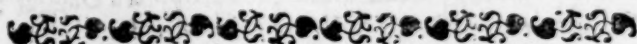
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at Peace.

Watch her returning Sense, and bring me Word:

And

The MOURNING BRIDE. 75

And look that she attempt not on her Life.



S C E N E VIII.

ALMERIA, GONSALEZ, LEONORA,
Attendants.

ALMERIA.

O Stay! yet stay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were — He's gone.

Gonf. Have Comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that Tongue, that bids me be
of Comfort;

Curs'd my own Tongue, that cou'd not move
his Pity;

Curs'd these weak Hands that cou'd not hold him
here;

For he is gone to doom *Alphonso's* Death.

Gonf. Your too excessive Grief works on your
Fancy,

And deludes your Sense. *Alphonso*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Fathers Power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my Woes: Thou and thy Race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who cou'dst alone have Policy
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? what dost thou see
or hear?

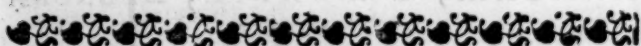
Was it the doleful Bell, tolling for Death?

Or dying Groans from my *Alphonso's* Breast?

See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly Head glates by, all smear'd with Blood,
Gasping

76 The MOURNING BRIDE.

Gasping as it wou'd speak, and after see!
Behold a damp, dead Hand has dropp'd a Dagger:
I'll catch it — Hark! a Voice cries Murder! ah!
My Fathers Voice! hollow it sounds, and calls
Me from the Tomb — I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear *Alphonso*.



S C E N E IX.

G O N S A L E Z *alone.*

SHE's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn Alphonso! no; she over-rates
My Policy! I ne'er suspected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her Mistake.
Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that shou'd descend on him,
To grace the Line of my Posterity?
Hold, let me think — if I shou'd tell the King —
Things come to this Extremity; his Daughter
Wedded already — what if he shou'd yield?
Knowing no Remedy for what it past;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anselmos Race; yet if — that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is Folly.
But how prevent the Captive Queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented Tale! He was *Alphonso's* Friend.
This subtle Woman will amuse the King,
If I delay — 'twill do — or better so.
One to my Wish; *Alonzo*, thou art welcome.

S C E.



S C E N E X.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

ALONZO.

THE King expects your Lordship.

Gonf. 'Tis no matter.

I'm not i'th way at present, good *Alonzo*.

Alon. If't please your Lordship, I'll return and say
I have not seen you.

Gonf. Do, my best *Alonzo*.

Yet stay, I wou'd — but go; anon will serve —

Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.

I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me Service.

Alon. I am your Creature.

Gonf. Say thou art my Friend.

I've seen thy Sword do Noble Execution.

Alon. All that it can your Lordship shall command.

Gonf. Thanks; and I take thee at thy Word.

Thou'lt seen,

Among the Followers of the Captive Queen,

Dumb Men, who make their meaning known by
Signs.

Alon. I have, my Lord.

Gonf. Cou'dst thou procure, with Speed
And Privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his Death, I'd give
Thee such Reward, as shou'd exceed thy Wish.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait
your Lordship?

Gonf. At my Apartment. Use thy utmost Diligence;

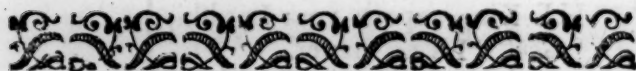
And

78 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

And say I've not been seen ——— haste, good
Alonzo.

So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonso* slain,
The greatest Obstacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcias* Head.

End of the Fourth Act.



A C T. V.

S C E N E I.

A Room of State.

KING, PEREZ, ALONZO.

K I N G.

NOT to be found? In an ill Hour he's absent.
None, say you, none? what not the Fav'rite
Eunuch?

Nor she her self, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd Admittance?

Per. None, my Lord.

King. Is *Osmyn* so dispos'd as I commanded?

Per. Fast bound in double Chains, and at full
length

He lyes supine on Earth; with as much ease
She might remove the Centre of this Earth,
As loose the Rivets of his Bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[*A Mute appears, and seeing the King retires.*
Ha!

The MOURNING BRIDE. 79

Ha! stop and seize that Mute; *Alonzo*, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my Eyes, and started back,
Frighted, and fumbling one Hand in his Bosom,
As to conceal th'Importance of his Errand.

[*Alonzo follows him, and returns with a Paper.*]

Alon. O bloody Proof of obstinate Fidelity!

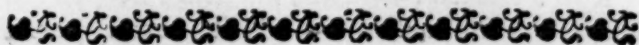
King. What dost thou mean?

Alon. Soon as I seiz'd the Man,
He snatch'd from out his Bosom this — and strove
With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
The Morsel down his Throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from
him;

Which done, he drew a Ponyard from his Side,
And on the instant plung'd it in his Breast.

King. Remove the Body thence ere *Zara* see it.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his Attire;
'Twill quit me of my Promise to *Gonsalez*.



S C E N E II.

KING, PEREZ.

P E R E Z.

W Hate'er it is, the Kings Complexion turns.
King. How's this? My Mortal Foe beneath
my Roof! [*Having read the Letter.*]

O, give me Patience, all ye Powers! no rather
Give me new Rage, implacable Revenge,
And trebled Fury — Ha! who's there?

Per. My Lord.

King. Hence, Slave, how dar'st thou 'bide to
watch and pry
Into how poor a thing a King descends;

How

30 The MOURNING BRIDE.

How like thy self, when Passion treads him down?
Ha! stir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to see me gorge this Bait,
And lash against the Hook — By Heav'n you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st
My Daughter privately with him Conferr'd;
And wert the Spy and Pander to their Meeting.

Per. By all that's Holy, I'm amaz'd. —

King. Thou ly'st.

Thou art Accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Were she sets down — *Still will I set thee free* —

[*Reading.*

That somewhere is repeated — *I have Power*
O'er them that are thy Guards — Mark that, thou
Traitor.

Per. It was your Majestys Command, I should
Obey her Order. —

King. *Reading.* — *And still will I set*
Thee free, Alphonso — Hell! curs'd, curs'd
Alphonso!

False and Perfidious *Zara*! Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All Nature, Softness, Pity and Compassion,
This Hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell Hate, within my Breast, Revenge and Gall.
By Heav'n I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.

Hark thee, Villain, Traitor — answer me, Slave.

Per. My Service has not merited those Titles.

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that — thy Service! thine! [Strikes him.

What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One Moments Ease? Hear my Command; and
look

That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.

Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonso's* Heart.

Why

The MOURNING BRIDE. 81

Why dost thou start? Resolve, or—

Per. — Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when she comes to set
him free,

His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorse,

— Stay thee — I've farther thought — I'll add
to this,

And give her Eyes yet greater Disappointment.

When thou hast ended him, bring me his Robe;

And let the Cell where she'll expect to see him

Be darken'd, so as to amuse the Sight.

I'll be conducted thither — mark me well —

There with his Turbant, and his Robe array'd,

And laid along as he now lies supine,

I shall Convict her to her Face of Falshood.

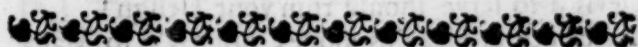
When for *Alphonso* she shall take my Hand,

And breath her Sighs upon my Lips for his,

Sudden I'll start, and dash her with her Guilt.

But see she comes; I'll shun th'Encounter; thou,

Follow me, and give heed to my Direction.



S C E N E III.

ZARA, SELIM.

Z A R A.

TH E Mute not yet return'd ! ha , 'twas the
King !

The King that parted hence ! frowning he went ;

His Eyes like Meteors roll'd , then darted down

Their red and angry Beams ; as if his Sight

Would , like the raging Dog-star , scorch the Earth ;

And kindle Ruin in its Course. Dost think

F

He

82 *The* MOURNING BRIDE.

He saw me?

Selim. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His Eyes had er'd, he hastily recall'd
Th'imperfect Look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.

Thy shallow Artifice begets Suspicion,
And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly shades
The Face of thy Design; alone disguising
What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect Mis-
chief!

Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
Hast stung the Traveller, and after, hear'st
Not his pursuing Voice; ev'n where thou think'st
To hide, the rustling Leaves and bended Grass
Confess, and point the Path which thou hast crept.
O Fate of Fools! officious in Contriving;
In Executing puzzled, lame and lost.

Selim. Avert it, Heav'n, that you should ever
suffer

For my Defect: or that the Means which I
Devis'd to serve should ruin your Design!
Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs must fail, impute not as a Crime
My Natures want, but punish Nature in me:
I plead not for a Pardon and to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
I bare my Breast to meet your just Revenge.

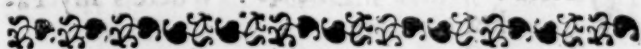
Zara. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A Forfeit as thy Life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my Thought.
When I've concluded on my self, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in Charge; for I'm resolv'd.
Give Order, that the two remaining Mutes

Attend

The MOURNING BRIDE. 83

Attend me instantly, with each a Bowl
Of such Ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
Benumb the living Faculties, and give
Most easie and inevitable Death.

Yes, *Osmyn*, yes; be *Osmyn* or *Alphonso*,
I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
Such Liberty as I embrace my self,
Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee to keep my Word.



S C E N E IV.

Scene opening shews the Prison.

GONSALEZ alone, disguis'd like a Mute,
with a Dagger.

G O N S A L E Z.

NOR Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbarr'd!
And all as still, as at the Noon of Night!
Sure Death already has been busie here.
There lies my Way, that Door is too unlock'd.

[Looks in.

Ha! sure he sleeps—all's dark within, save what
A Lamp, that feebly lifts a sickly Flame,
By fits reveals—his Face seems turn'd, to favour
Th' Attempt: I'll steal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What Noise! some body coming? 't is, *Alonzo*?
No body? Sure he'll wait without—I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and sting him to the
Heart;

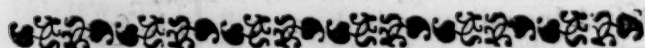
Then cast my Skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[Goes in.

F 2

S C E

84 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*



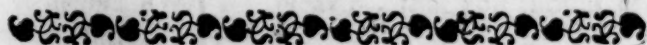
S C E N E V.

GARCIA, ALONZO.

GARCIA.

WHere? where, *Alonzo*? where's my Fa-
ther? where
The King? Confusion! all is on the Rout!
All's lost, all ruin'd by Surprize and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou thus mis-
lead me?

Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a moment since,
And cou'd not pass me unperceiv'd — What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what hoa! My Lord *Gonsalez*!



S C E N E VI.

GARCIA, ALONZO, GONSALEZ
bloody.

GONSALEZ.

Perdition choak your Clamours — whence this
Rudeness?
Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entering now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of
Horror?

Gons. No matter — give me first to know the
Cause

OF

The MOURNING BRIDE. 85

Of these your rash and ill-tim'd Exclamations.

Gar. The Eastern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for Heaps of slain that choak the Passage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Palace Walls. Unless
The King in Person animate our Men
Granada's lost; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a Postern fled, and join the Foe.

Gonf. Wou'd all were false as that; for whom
you call

The *Moor*, is dead. That *Osmyrn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose Hearts Blood this Ponyard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible; for *Osmyrn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Enter that Chamber, and convince your
Eyes,

How much Report has wrong'd your easie Faith.

[*Garcia Goes in.*]

Alon. My Lord, for certain Truth *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the Cause of his Revolt,
Was to revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar. returning. Ruin and Horror! O heart-
wounding Sight! [*Horror?*]

Gonf. What says my Son? what Ruin? ha? what

Gar. Blasted my Eyes, and speechless be my
Rather than or to see, or to relate [*Tongue,*]
This Deed — O dire Mistake! O fatal Blow!

The King —

Gonf.

Alon. } The King!

Gar. Dead, weltring, drown'd in Blood.
See, see, attir'd like *Osmyrn*, where he lies.

[*They look in.*]

O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,

86 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

But that we all should turn our Swords against
Our selves, and expiate with our own his Blood.

Gonf. O Wretch! O curs'd, and rash, deluded
Fool!

On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.
I, who have spilt my Royal Masters Blood,
Shou'd make Atonement by a Death as horrid?
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this Murder with a
greater!

The Horror of that Thought has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far less damnable
Self-Murder.

Gonf. O my Son, from the blind Dotage
Of a Fathers Fondness these Ills arose.
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide with only one weak Hand,
While 'other bore the Crown, (to wreath thy
Brow)

Whose Weight has sunk me ere I reach'd the Shoar.

Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd:
[Shout.

The Shrilness of that Shout speaks 'em at hand.
We have no time to search into the Cause
Of this surprizing and most fatal Error.
What's to be done? the Kings Death known, will
strike

The few remaining Soldiers with Despair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conqueror.

Sion. My Lord, I've thought how to con-
ceal the Body;

Require me not to tell the Means, 'till done,

Lest

The MOURNING BRIDE, 87

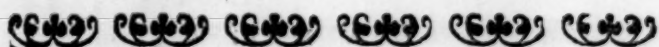
Lest you forbid what then you may approve.

[*Goes in. Shout.*

Gonf. They shout again ! Whate'er he means
to do,

'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with Hopes ;
And in the mean time fed with Expectation
To see the King in Person at their Head.

Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haste; and try
Or to repel their Force, or bravely die.



S C E N E V I I.

GONSALEZ, ALONZO.

G O N S A L E Z.

WHAT hast thou done, *Alonzo* ?
Alon. Such a Deed

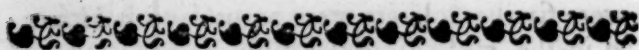
As but an Hour ago I'd not have done,
Tho' for the Crown of Universal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay ?
Or who can wound the Dead ? ——— I've from the
Body

Sever'd the Head, and in an obscure Corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the Mutes Attire,
Leaving to View of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable Trunk:
Which may be still mistaken by the Guards
For *Osmyn*, if in seeking for the King
They chance to find it.

Gonf. 'Twas an Act of Horror;
And of a piece with this Days dire Misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, *Alonzo*, haste thee hence with speed,

88 *The MOURNING BRIDE.*

To aid my Son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to re-inforce his Arms: At least,
I shall make good, and shelter his Retreat.



S C E N E V I I I.

ZARA, followed by SELIM, and two
Mutes bearing the Bowls.

Z A R A.

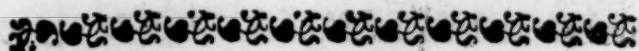
Silence and Solitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the Gloomy Ways and Iron Doors
That hither lead, nor Human Face nor Voice
Is seen or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Sense, when enter'd here: from
Groans,
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd, from Clink of
Chains,
And Crash of rusty Bars and creaking Hinges:
And ever and anon the Sight was dath'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and ghastly Executioners.
Yet more this Stillness terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
It may be, that the Cause of this my Errand
And Purpose, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has also wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more? what can it more
Than Death? —

Let 'em set down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonso*
That I am here — so. You return and find

[*Mutes going in.*

The King; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the Deed.

S C E.



S C E N E IX.

ZARA and MUTES.

Z A R A.

WHAT have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare
you thus,

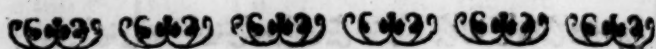
[*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*

With haggard Eyes? why are your Arms a-cross?
Your heavy and desponding Heads hung down?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad Signs?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

*They go to the Scene, which opening she perceives the
Body.*

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O—I'm lost,
O Osmyn! O Alphonso! Cruel Fate!
Cruel, Cruel, O more than killing Object!
I came prepared to die, and see thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd my self to give thee Death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Osmyn—
O this accurs'd, this base, this treach'rous King!





S C E N E X.

ZARA, SELIM.

S E L I M.

I'VE sought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found —

Zara. Get thee to Hell, and seek him there.

[*Stabs him.*]

His Hellish Rage had wanted Means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counsel.

Selim. You thought it better then — but I'm
rewarded.

The Mute you sent, by some Mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body stripp'd —
My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails — I
sink —

Drink not the Poison — for *Alphonso* is — [*Dies.*]

Zara. As thou art now — And I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both should die: Nor is't that I survive;
I have a certain Remedy for that.

But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my Vows:
Insensible of this last Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his Mortal Part
Of Sense: His Soul still sees, and knows each
Purpose,

And fix'd Event of my persisting Faith.

Then, wherefore do I pause? — give me the Bowl.

A

The MOURNING BRIDE. 91

[A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.]

Hover a Moment yet , thou gentle Spirit ,
Soul of my Love , and I will wait thy Flight.
This to our mutual Bliss when join'd above.

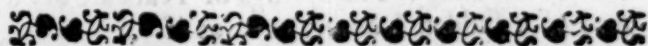
[Drinks.]

O friendly Draught , already in my Heart.
Cold , cold ; my Veins are Icicles and Frost.
I'll creep into his Bosom , lay me there ;
Cover us close — or I shall chill his Breast ,
And fright him from my Arms — See , see , he
slides

Still further from me ; look , he hides his Face ,
I cannot feel it — quite beyond my reach.

O now he's gone , and all is dark — *[Dies.]*

[The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.]



S C E N E X I.

ALMERIA, LEONORA, MUTES, &c.

A L M E R I A.

O Let me seek him in this horrid Cell ;
For in the Tomb or Prison , I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leo. Heav'ns ! what Dismal Scene
Of Death is this ? The Eunuch *Selim* slain !

Alm. Shew me , for I am come in search of
Death ;

But want a Guide ; for Tears have dimn'd my Sight.

Leo. Alas , a little farther , and behold
Zara all pale and dead ! two frightful Men ,
Who seem the Murderers , kneel weeping by :
Feeling Remorse too late for what they've done.
But O forbear — lift up your Eyes no more ;

But

92 The MOURNING BRIDE.

But haste away, fly from this Fatal Place,
Where Miseries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a Dagger
Ready to stab the Sight, and make your Eyes
Rain Blood —

Alm. O I foreknow, foresee that Object.
Is it at last then so? is he then dead?
What dead at last, quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there I see him; there he lies, the Blood
Yet bubbling from his Wounds — O more than
Savage!

Had they, or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed?
Could Eyes endure to guide such cruel Hands?
Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone?
—I do not weep! The Springs of Tears are dry'd;
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my Husband's
murder'd!

Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll Sluce this Heart,
The source of Woe, and let the Torrent loose.
— Those Men have left to weep! they look on
me!

I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody Hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have slain those Innocents:
I am the Sacrifice design'd to bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my Throat — they
shake

Their Heads in sign of Grief and Innocence!

[*They point at the Bowl on the Ground,*
And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O well
I understand what Medicine has been here.

O noble Thirst! yet greedy, to drink all —
— O for another Draught of Death — What
mean they? [*They point at the other Cup.*

Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks

The MOURNING BRIDE. 93

Thanks to the liberal Hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad Acknowledgement —

Leo. O hold

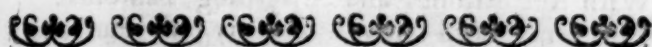
For Mercys sake ; upon my Knees I beg —

Alm. With thee the kneeling World shou'd beg
in vain.

Seest thou not there ? behold who prostrate lyes,
And pleads against thee ? who shall then prevail ?
Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave,
From his pale Lips ; I'll kiss him ere I drink,
Lest the rank Juice shou'd blister on my Mouth,
And stain the Colour of my last Adieu.

[*Coming nearer the Body ; starts and lets fall the Cup.*]

Horror ! a headless Trunk ! nor Lips nor Face ;
But spouting Veins , and mangled Flesh ! O , oh , —



SCENE *the Last.*

ALMERIA, LEONORA, ALPHONSO,
SO, HELI, PEREZ, with GARCIA
Prisoner, Guards and Attendants.

ALPHONSO.

AWAY, stand off, where is she ? let me fly,
Save her from Death ; and snatch her to my
Heart.

Alm. Oh —

Alph. Forbear ; my Arms alone shall hold her up,
Warm her to Life , and wake her into Gladness.
O let me talk to thy reviving Sense,
The Words of Joy and Peace ; warm thy cold
Beauties,
With the new-flushing Ardour of my Cheek ;

Into

94 *The MOURNING BRIDE*

Into thy Lips, pour the soft trickling Balm
Of cordial Sighs; and reinspire thy Bosom
With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, *Almeria*,
Give a new Birth to thy long shaded Eyes,
Then double on the Day reflected Light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this
Dream intend?

Alph. O may'st thou never dream of less De-
light,
Nor ever wake to less substantial Joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye
Pow'rs

Confirm this Miracle! Can I believe
My Sight, against my Sight? and shall I trust
That Sense, which in one Instant shews him dead
And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With Apparitions, and affrighting Fantoms;
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too shall have Compassion —

Alph. O my Hearts Comfort; 'tis not giv'n
to this

Frail Life, to be entirely blest'd. Even now,
In this extreamest Joy my Soul can taste,
Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep.
Thy Father fell, where he design'd my Death.
Gonzalez and *Alonzo*, both of Wounds
Expiring, have with their last Breath confess'd
The just Decrees of Heav'n, which on themselves
Hasturn'd their own most bloody Purposes.

[She weeps.]

Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus —
Let 'em remove the Boody from her Sight.
I'll-fated *Zara*! Ha! a Cup Alas!
Thy Error then is plain; but I were Flint
Not to o'erflow in Tribute to thy Memory.
O *Garcia*! —

Whose

The MOURNING BRIDE. 95

Whose Virtue has renounc'd thy Fathers Crimes,
Sect thou, how just the Hand of Heav'n has been;
Let us who thro' our Innocence survive,
Still in the Path of Honour persevere,
And not, from past or present Ills despair:
For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in statu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've leisure, now, to mark your sev'ral Faces,
And know each Critick by his four Grimaces.
To poison Plays, I see some where they sit,
Scatter'd, like Rats-bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Parish-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run, to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the same End resort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect.
As Sussex Men, that dwell upon the Shoar,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a New Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope our Poet from these Prospects draws;
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.



